The Perkins School *of* Theology

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OF RELIGION

THE LANGUAGE OF RELIGION AND THE LANGUAGE OF ART

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

A NEW RESPONSE TO AN AGELESS COMMISSION

BOOK REVIEWS

INDEX: VOLUMES XI-XII

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THE PERKINS SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY JOURNAL

"Let us unite the two so long divided — knowledge and vital piety." — John Wesley

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A WORD ABOUT THIS ISSUE

The three articles in this issue of the JOURNAL, while not composing a symposium in any strict sense of the word, are nevertheless related to a common theme: Christianity and the arts. They also arise from a common source in that they were all delivered as lectures within the Perkins community.

The first two were part of a lecture series held in the spring of 1958 in connection with a special exhibit of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts called "Religious Art in the Western World." The lectures here reproduced were jointly sponsored by the Museum and Perkins School of Theology, and were delivered at Perkins. These two—part of a longer series in connection with the exhibit—were the only lectures presented by members of theological faculties.

Mr. Ortmayer's article is an essay in "methodology": i.e., it is a discussion of the language of art and its similarity to the language of religion, both in contrast to the language of science. Mr. Ortmayer is well known to readers of the JOURNAL, having served for a number of years as editor of *motive* magazine and having recently joined the faculty of Perkins School of Theology to launch a new field in the curriculum, Christianity and the arts.

Mr. Hartt, professor of philosophical theology at the Divinity School of Yale University and a guest lecturer at Perkins on the occasion of this lecture, deals with a specific type of literature, the modern novel, and discusses its relevance to the contemporary religious scene. Mr. Hartt will be remembered for, among many other accomplishments, his recent authorship of a book on the theology of evangelism.

Although Mr. Pfautsch discusses a specific program, namely, the new Master of Sacred Music program being planned as a joint enterprise between Perkins and the School of Music, he too is concerned with the general theme: the relation of the arts, in this case music, to the Christian faith. His lecture was delivered at the alumni luncheon held during Ministers' Week last February. Mr. Pfautsch joined the S.M.U. faculty last fall in a relationship both to Perkins and the School of Music, with the specific assignment to guide the process of setting up a program of Sacred Music. He came to Dallas from Illinois Wesleyan University.

One of the ways in which Perkins is seeking to enlarge its conversation with the world is through a greater concern with the arts. To this end this issue of the JOURNAL is dedicated.

H.G.

THE LANGUAGE OF RELIGION AND THE LANGUAGE OF ART

By ROGER ORTMAYER

I.

How does one communicate a mystery? This is our predicament, offense, and opportunity when that which is not best related by word symbols confronts us. That which we have met at a different level of experience requires translation into verbal symbols. The act of translation, however, alters, even does violence to, the original.

Talk and write about it we must. But while engaging in the act of verbalizing, let us not indulge our vanity by insisting that we are doing more than skirting the edges, talking *about* something. This is different from knowing the thing in itself, especially if the "thing" be a person, an "object" of religious devotion, or a "work" of art, particularly in the poetic, visual, or musical media.

There was once a pedagogue—and we have all known him—who assigned many papers to his students and required of them precise, if not concise, formulations. This was well and good, for as everyone knows, a professor professes to detest paper work but is delighted with the reams of typescript he can cajole or coerce from those in attendance upon him.

It happened one year that there enrolled in his classes a student who turned out to be a particular joy. The lad was critical in his remarks and careful in his citing of authorities. He footnoted all his papers voluminously, and it was observed that he had mastered the manual of style, for *"op.cit.," "cf."* and *"sup."* generously larded his papers, although the professor himself was a bit amazed one day to discover this curious footnote: "Abbreviation 'p.' omitted in any case by *BPLQ, Lg., SIL,* Louisiana; used in any case by *AJP* (*hilol*), *Art Bull., Isis.*" In spite of this slip, the professor charged his colleagues to watch the student carefully and predicted that he would someday be an adornment to the institution.

Near the end of the term the professor one day found himself in fine form before his class, lecturing on the writing of papers. "That which you cannot write," he thundered, "you do not know!"

The students were aware he had not coined an aphorism, for this had been told them time and time again in the days of their studenthood. Seldom, however, had it been so impressively stated. They agreed. With one mind they resolved to finish up their papers, with, for once, exemplary excellence.

As the professor was preparing the grades for the registrar, he suddenly noted that his prize pupil had not turned in his final term paper. This had never happened before; so the professor suspected he might have himself mislaid the assignment. A search of his office and his brief case failed to uncover the paper.

Solicitous of the student's welfare and reluctant to turn in a poor grade if it could be escaped, the Professor went looking for the student. Following a clue given by another, he finally unearthed the boy

in a most unlikely place—the chapel.

"Hey, fellow," he addressed the kneeling figure, "what are you doing here?"

No answer.

"Er . . . ah . . . Pardon me. Did you hand in your term paper?"

"No, I didn't."

"Do you plan to?"

"I guess not."

A bit reluctantly the professor turned to go. He wasn't amused when he detected the ex-prize pupil muttering: "We write in water."[1]

II.

"He is not the artist who speaks, but who causes to speak," says Albert Camus in one of his published letters. While being conscious that we are not as the artist speaking, but that it is the artist who has caused us to speak, and that it is not the mystery which is revealed, but the form in which the mystery is told that concerns us, let us note a few of the characteristics of the language of art and the language of religion.

Both means of communication confront Western man with a problem he cannot solve with his usual tools. We are tyrannized by the law of cause and effect. The language of art is not one which lends its light to the inquiring philologist, *a la* the Rosetta Stone. Ours is the mentality of the scientific age, the mechanized era, or in the current lingo, the organizational man whose destiny is determined by the tastemakers acting on the data supplied by the motivation researchers. It is almost impossible for us to think ourselves back into the way of looking at the world and its phenomena of the pre-scientific era. Our difference is not only in external matters. We are fond of imagining ourselves separated from the poor wretches of the pre-industrial ages because we have what they did not have, not things alone, but a way of thinking and seeing.

We are different not only in what we have, but partially in the way we think—but not totally so, and therein lies our confusion and much of our unhappiness. We really believe that the language of common sense, in its many manifestations, is the only real and valid language. We are confident that if we can find origins then we can explain events, that the clue to solutions of our problems lies in the correction of antecedent causes.

That is, many of us feel that the language of religion is really the same as that of the so-called psychological and sociological sciences and that the language of art is simply the science of aesthetics. Religion is to solve problems and art is to provide pleasant surroundings.

This is not so. The language of religion is not the language of the scientific method and that of art is not the same as inductive or empirical logic. The language of religion is the language of salvation and that of church art is the language of celebration. The language of religion and the language of art, although not the same, just as French is not the same as English, are, however, similar forms of communication. They are existential languages as contrasted to the "scientific" language which fills the background of the thinking of most westerners today.

What do I mean by saying that the language of religion and/or art is existential as contrasted to the cause and effect language which is what most of us tend to consider the really reliable language with the other language being intangible, illusory, and not fully to be trusted? The language of art and the language of religion cannot profess to give a scientific account of the human situation. They cannot take the place of a survey.

Existential knowledge is a deeply person-

[1] Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.* Act IV, Sc.2, Line 45.

al appreciation of the position of man in the world . . . It may be new and it may not—probably not—for the Book of Genesis is as true today as when first enunciated, and precisely because it does not give a scientific account of the universe. This is the difference between Genesis and Max Planck—Genesis does not go out of date.

The language of art is as the contrast of prose with poetry—poetry, I said, not necessarily verse. Poetry can say what it must only in the richly concrete language of the poetic imagination. It is irreducibly individual—it brings the awareness of who we are home to us. Its truth is true for me because I am myself and not anyone else. It speaks to me from the point of view of the artist who himself is utterly unique. He speaks to me from a point of view which he alone occupies, not anyone else. What I learn from him is not some generalization (i.e., all men die) but the truth about who I am—I shall die. I am judged. I am redeemed.

The unease of my social science friend comes when I cannot tell him just what is happening to me. But confronted by *Hamlet,* by The Fall, by The Last Judgment, by Rouault's "Crucifixion", it is never possible for me precisely to verbalize what "happens"—I just know an authentic word about existence. The artist has spoken through his utterly unique manner—I am confronted in the same way, it is intensely individual in its speech. To use the more familiar categories—I respond, and react, to his thouness because he has demanded that I affirm my own existence.

In an age of atrophied imagination, it is not easy to make people see the authenticity of this kind of language—for we still really believe that scientific truth is the only kind of truth.

Nevertheless, both languages are inextricably a part of all of us. Our baby speaks to us a language thoroughly personal and subjective. To some she is a mewling, puking, thoroughly objectionable nuisance; to us she is a beautiful child who speaks to her parents in a multitude of personal ways that make no sense at all to other adults, but to us is an intimately wonderful language. But we also live with her on a cause and effect level: she communicates to us by a cry—we know that something has caused the cry and set out to find the cause and then to settle that particular problem. Existential knowledge is thoroughly personal, it is subjective, it is amateur. This is in contrast to the other language or knowledge which is impersonal, objective, and professional.

The language of religion and the language of art are necessarily personal.

One of the recurring irritations of laymen with artists is the refusal of the artist to "explain" or give the formula to the meaning of his work. The woebegone expression of the clubwoman confronted by, say, Picasso's "Girl in Front of a Mirror" is the classic model of those who want to know "what it means." What they are asking for is the abstraction instead of the personal relationship. They are inquiring for the scientific formulae, not the passionate involvement of one's being. What they are demanding is that the work of art be kept at arm's length, outside the self, instead of driving into the core of existence.

Religion and art thrust into the marrow of being. This is why, I suspect, they cause such violent reactions or responses. It is the private world we like to seal off that they invade. Religion can never be "out there." It demands commitment, and only persons can commit themselves. Commitment is personal response. The Western Christian tradition is one of consistent demands upon the will for commitment. There is no evasion of the question Christ put to his apostles, "But who do you say that I am?"

Abstracted meanings are vitally import-

ant to us and are the basis of scientific language. "2 times 2 equals four" is a dependable kind of language, can be communicated without altering its meaning, and gives reliable information about certain quantities. But one cannot have the meaning about a work of art in that way, any more than he can have the meaning of Christ by possessing information about him, any more than he can know God by writing essays in theology.

One can have access to God, he may participate in the drama of redemption which is the liturgy of the church, but he cannot have access in any but a personal way; he cannot participate in the drama in any fashion but as an actor works out his part. He is neither spectator nor critic, but participant.

No shabbier witness to the impersonalism of our culture of America can be given than the publications cataloging the wares of most of the church supply houses. I glanced through one the other day and could not but weep at the boorish taste of those who would meet the needs of God's children. The publication was about 150 pages in length, printed on expensive, enamel-coated paper, fully half of it in color. What did it offer? An utterly fantastic collection of religious junk, a nightmare listing of mass produced articles where the sentimental is confused with the personal, the trivial with the work of piety, the glittering with the lovely. Here were the awards suggested as compensation for children who faithfully attend church school a certain number of Sundays: pious charms guaranteed to impoverish the recipient and make the giver look silly; crosses that glow in the dark when the lights are turned off; charms and fetishes and maudlin signs of outward piety that forever elude the shockingly personal. These religious objects of devotion have a feeble kind of utilitarian value, which must be what commends them to millions of consumers. They are mass produced and mass consumed. And for millions of people they hold the standard of religious art. That they have pious associations makes their pretensions to art the more ridiculous and their religious claims worse.

There is another, and opposite, witness to the impersonal culture in which we live. It is the temptation to make art one's personal religion. That in man which makes him capable of producing Chagall's "Joseph the Shepherd Boy" or Rouault's "The Old King"—that is, his ability to create imaginatively "things more real than living man"—makes him susceptible to worship of the *image* rather than the *reality* itself. I suspect that this ambiguous relationship between art and religion is the occasion for the continuous iconoclasm in Protestantism. We are particularly prone to this temptation today when the language of the artist is denigrated unless it can serve either the cause of the propagandist or the related interests of the merchantman. In either case, it is the utility of the work of art which determines the judgment, and the language of art, by its very nature, is non-utilitarian.

In protest, and also in lieu of Biblical religion, art is exalted and the artist becomes the high priest of the cult. In the end, as with all false religions, this is an absurdity, for man cannot live upon his own faculties, nor can the priest cause the cult to survive by digging within his genius alone.

A somewhat more religiously sophisticated pattern identifies the Holy and the Beautiful. The current theological revival has done a pretty fair job in identifying the idolatries by which man has attempted the domestication of God in intellectualism, i.e., the subjection of the Holy to the true—or the moralism of liberal religion which attempted to validate the Holy by the standards of the Good. Disillusioned with both intellect-

ualism and moralism as being adequate to describe the encounter between man and God, or the Holy Spirit, many have leaped to the conclusion that the Beautiful was the source of true revelation, and eschewing intellectualism and moralism they have gone in for a wistful aestheticism. The hi-fi set has replaced the Bible commentary, and these people parade for endless hours through the art galleries, the current fashion, in lieu of marching in a picket line of a labor union strike, which happened to be one of my duties shortly after entering seminary.

The alliance of the Holy and the Beautiful is nothing new, although the current emphasis is novel to some of us. This union occurs because each insists that it reveals a mystery not open to any other means of communication. The artist, through his skill, draws the wonderful out of the commonplace, and we receive it as a kind of revelation, which no level of knowledge nor social passion could guarantee. We see and we adore.

Cognizant of this temptation to equate the holy and the beautiful, we nevertheless must realize that we must not allow ourselves to slip back into the impoverishing ruthlessness of iconoclasm (except in a determined destruction of these current icons that can be justified neither aesthetically nor theologically), but instead seek to understand that which is communicated to us. Both art and religion use a similar language to communicate the mystery. They are in alliance.

Their language conceals as it reveals. It is the nature of their common language that they reveal as they conceal. Both seeking to make known a mystery, they reveal only what man may understand. They are necessarily ambiguous at many points.

The event we know through the gospels is a revelatory occasion. It reveals God to us, but only so much as man should know. This is God's world in which he acts and has acted. Appearances have been rearranged. This is the Incarnation. God is personal. But, in the way Kierkegaard has someplace phrased it, he is "God's Incognito." God is revealed and concealed—he is God's personal revelation—but as with any person, much of him is never known, for we are never inside another person, though that person awakens the personal in us.

The language of art is similarly ambiguous. It must rearrange appearances. That which we know in the world of objects abruptly assumes radically different relationships. No artist, even of the most naturalistic bent, ever attempts accurately and fully to reproduce what his eye sees—not unless he slices off the most minute section imaginable and magnifies it. Otherwise he chooses, selects, and moves about. He conceals some details and emphasizes other.

Not long ago I became the fortunate possessor of a work by Rolf Nesch. Framing it, I placed it on a wall of our home in place of a work long familiar to the family. Immediately there followed the usual exclamations, ejaculations, and comments by my boys who are all of grammar school age. "Daddy, why don't you ever get something that looks like something?" "Are you sure you have it right side up, Daddy?" "What's that, Daddy?" I replied: "The name the artist gave it was 'The Crusader.' " "Crusader! That doesn't look like a crusader to me." "Is that his eye?" "I think I see his mouth . . ." "Looks like a chunk of metal with holes punched in it . . . ."

Here was the half concealed, partially revealed statement of the artist. Here were some of the appearances we had seen and met, but they were in a different relationship. And we started to talk *with* the picture, and the artist had spoken to us and the conversation had not been exhausted with the first sitting.

It is maddening to men when we finally realize that God will not be taken captive, not even in art. Somehow, we felt, in this world so near unto his personal revelation we would fully grasp him. Raphael does it, Michelangelo does it . . . and now maybe it is Sallman that does it . . . but none of them do . . . and we are irritated with Rouault who isn't pretty enough or with Rattner who isn't obvious enough . . . but whose work has the authenticity that Sallman's silly images never approach.

Probably it is the most maddening of all to realize that we can call no art Christian, for the art itself is without volition. It can make no commitments. It can only reveal something of the mystery to men who must themselves be committed. The artist might be Christian, and we might speak of ourselves as Christian, but not the work of art. It is a symbol which helps to disclose in a horrifying or pleasant way who we are and where we stand.

I have made a distinction between existential languages of religion and art (not the same, but parallel) and those of the scientific world which require the objective stance, or those of propositional or discursive discourse which have their own rules of rationality to adhere to. Actually in our daily lives we interweave them all without any particular pain. We worship by using the dramatic language of the liturgy. It is different from that of theological discourse. Both are necessary and valid; they reinforce each other.

The images of art speak in their own terms, and personally. We are not to judge the work of art without first letting it say its piece. A given work exists for us in and through the language it uses. But even while we insist upon sensibility to its intrinsic qualities, we are still aware that the work of art must also submit itself to critical examination which marshals a host of criteria for purposes of analysis.

Just as we must not confuse theology with worship, so let us not imagine that mastery of critical data regarding works of art give us true knowledge of it. Contrary to the professor's claim, it is quite possible to "know" a work of art and be unable to write a word about it. But even while I insist that knowing Bach has nothing to do with the discussion of his music in verbal symbols, I shall promptly dash over to my class, II-140, and make an assignment: "Study Picasso's 'Guernica' mural and write a four page paper on what the bull is doing in the picture!"

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

By JULIAN N. HARTT

For the purposes of this essay the familiar distinction between *religion* and *religiousness* is simply assumed. The distinction has its limits and its defects, but our theme is hardly manageable, or even interesting, without it; and this for the very simple reason that religion, the substantive, sociologically structured enterprise, matters very little in the important novels in our time, except as something left far behind or as something against which the free and creative spirit must protest. The concluding scene of *The Sun Also Rises* finds the two central figures, Jake and Brett, discussing her recent heroic act of self-denial:

"You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch."

"Yes."

"It's sort of what we have instead of God."

"Some people have God," I said, "quite a lot."

"He never worked very well with me."

"Should we have another Martini?"

So die the gods of yesteryear. But *religiousness* lives on in myriad forms, religiousness understood as being the unqualified investment of passion in an enterprise, a thing, a person, as containing, and promising to yield up fulfilment beyond all else. So conceived religiousness lasts as long as life lasts, if by "life" we mean something more than bio-social routines. A person devoid of passion is a morbid simulacrum of humanity, a stranger among living spirits.[1]

In our time it is widely supposed in intellectual circles that true religiousness (authentic passion, the passion for authenticity, etc.) is fated to clash with religion. In such minds religion is a conspiracy against the truth and goodness of passion and an inveterate foe of essential freedom; and the Church appears as the caretaker of dead gods. But it won't do for the people of the Church to be defensive in the presence of this mentality. They ought first of all to understand it. And this is our primary motivation in what follows in this essay.

The religious aspects of the contemporary novel are developed under two principal headings: I. The Flight of Passion From Cliché; II. The Tension between Form and Vitality, as the Clue to Freedom. We have no interest, in so proceeding, in placing the Christian stamp upon the great contemporary artists; or in showing that their art would have been greater still had they embraced the cross and resurrection. To so argue would confirm their darkest suspicions that the people of the church covet company in their great darkness rather than that light should fall upon their illusions.

[1] The one burst of authentic passion in Camus' *The Stranger* comes at the end when the convicted murderer lashes out against the priest, ostensibly, but actually against the meaninglessness of a world which spawns man only to destroy him. This is an "unqualified investment of passion"; but fulfilment is pure catharsis: "That great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope and . . . for the first time . . . I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe" (154).

I.

The essential drive of the cliché-mentality is towards trivialization of existence. This is not apparent at first. At first glance the cliché standardizes existence; it brings the heights and depths, the ecstasies of suffering and of joy, down to a flatland of the comfortably familiar where all can be managed for the sake of "happiness." Thus the "form" of the cliché is a verbal routine; and the "content" is a sentimentality. A sentimentality, in turn, is an "idea" (image) surrounded by feelings not powerful enough or vivid enough to threaten tranquillity. Therefore, cliché is the tried-and-true response to actualities which could well shatter the dream of happiness. Responses of this order and quality cannot but trivialize existence, reducing it to a pinch-penny transaction with a world calling for total investment of passion in one venture or another, in anything rather than nothing, in anything at all rather than in the nothing of hum-drum day to day life. Really to exist is to affirm one's being through suffering and joy in a world wholly agreeable to suffering and (strangely enough) not at all averse to joy, but totally indifferent to "happiness."

If our intent were to be wholly fair to the cliché-mentality we should praise it for its good sense. Life, you know, is too busy and too short for soul-stretching and soul-baring on all occasions—what *can* you do with the dear soul who *tells* you how he is when you politely ask, "How do you do?" It is necessary to practice the amenities, i.e., to simulate an interest that doesn't exist, and to conceal a passion that does, in order to get on with it. To get on with what? To get on with making a living, doing the job, keeping the wheels turning, etc., etc. Clichés all, clichés feeding on one another in deadly full-circle.

The artist exists to break the circle and thus to open the eyes and ears of the soul again upon the splendors and the terrors of reality.

In our time this vocation is extremely difficult. We have standardized the whole works. We have carried mass communication to a fantastic pitch of perfection; and what is mass communication but a superlatively comprehensive and efficient organization of cliché? The question is not entirely rhetorical. *Orthodoxy* is another component in the incredible triumph of the Communicator. Beginning as a feature (perhaps even a dimension) of religion, orthodoxy has long since become a feature of mass-culture. As such it functions in the realm of the sentimentalities rather than in the realm of dogmatic beliefs. For that mentality signified by "mass culture," dogmatic beliefs are a distant forbidding mountain-range, felt rather than seen across the flatlands of comfortable familiarity; so that orthodoxy is now a barely conscious unreflective preoccupation with images and expectations of the Happy Moral Man, delightfully average in his endowments, comfortingly stable and normal in his behaviour.

The artist is in headlong flight from these images, when he is not engaged in mortal combat with them. In this matter he is a child of the giants of the nineteenth century, who read the handwriting already plainly visible on the wall. Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman come to mind, one in rebellion against an orthodoxy already threatening trivialization. Rigidity, frigidity, and aridity are more commonly in their gun-sights than the reduction of existence to the uniform flow of standardized aspirations. And, of course, the orthodoxy against which they flung their might was still of Protestant stamp, a piety and morality overripe on the vine, still strong but far gone into decadence. The generations now living have completed the evacuation of all historic vitality from Protestant orthodoxy and

have synthesized the residue into mass-culture. Ghosts remain. They torment souls whose thinking evinces no sympathy for Christian belief but who are unable to escape the whip of the Protestant conscience.

William Faulkner in his greatest novels has provided a vivid picture of the flight of passion from the stereotypes, the plausibilities, of Protestant orthodoxy.

In his books hardly a "true believer" meets the eye, i.e., a person rooted and grounded in the faith once for all received of the fathers. Yet many are harassed by the "ghosts", i.e., by elements, largely of conscience, of the Christian faith abstracted from the living Church. Joanna Burden is a splendid and terrifying illustration of the corrupting power of a dead orthodoxy. The form of the past is wholly incapable of ordering the thrust of her passion; it can only corrupt it into a frenzy of lust which destroys whatever it touches, and in the end destroys her altogether.

Faulkner has something to affirm, against the background of the pathology of orthodoxy: the natural goodness of life; and this he affirms passionately. Lena, in *Light in August,* is, rather than feels, the incorruptible goodness to which the earth belongs. Uncomplicated by reflection, undiminished by adversity, free from the deceits of conventionality, she, and her proliferous kind, prevail.

Sound and Fury makes another affirmation. The Negro woman, Dilsey, of epic stature, is, like Lena, uncorrupted by all that destroys the Compson clan. She is a striking combination of earth-wisdom and of legendary Negro piety; and from her lips the odds and ends of Gospel tradition form a kind of tapestry, the meaning of which is lost upon the white folk. She is an elemental figure around which swirl futilely the demented fears and desires of the master-race. To such figures Faulkner in these later years has returned again and again, as though to say, "There and there alone is real dignity, real grace."

We turn now to a young novelist, William Styron, who in *Lie Down In Darkness* has painted a vivid picture of the dreadful irrelevancy and inanity of Christian orthodoxy. This is a story of dissolution, damnation, and death; and the power making for these dread results is love unable to find adequate fulfilment. The cavalry of Freud runs rough-shod across this scene, and the face of Faulkner looms through all its development. Be that as it may, something is said here about the hollowness of the Gospel when it is reduced to cliché. When love defiled and distorted thunders in the blood for vengeance and reprisal, the flimsy dikes of standard words and routine sentimentalities, thrown up to protect the conventionalities, are swept away in the general ruin.

Here again the vitality of primitivistic religion, the shouting and ecstatic tumult of the Pentecostals, has the last word. Against the blighted souls left with "nothing, nothing, nothing," the cries of Daddy Faith's cohorts beat triumphantly, "Yes, Jesus, yeah, yeah."

These are but samples drawn from the many voices raised in the arts against easy conventional solutions to ultimate questions. It is not up to the artist to produce a reasoned philosophic case either for or against a religion which deploys its largest, if not its finest, forces to defend the conventional world. But one can hope to learn from vivid evocations of passion in full flight from that world; on the one end fleeing into despair, or at the least into frantic defiance of the plausibilities of convention and conventional sentimentalities; and on the other end fleeing into ecstatic religious behaviour at odds with the essential spirit of the reflective life.

On the essential point a striking con-

sensus of the creative spirits greets us: the forms and formulae of Protestant orthodoxy are lifeless. Both the doctrine and the ethos, in their historical integrity and unity, have passed into the limbo whence only wraiths return to their erstwhile home. Neo-orthodoxies have appeared and others are sure to come. Where these are not atavistic, or antiquarian, they are efforts at synthesis: parts of the traditional doctrinal structure are joined with philosophic novelties; or the "spirit of Protestantism" is held as living on through successive incarnations. As to the latter, it must have struck us all that the "spirit" has become progressively purified of the vestiges of its earlier representations, until in our world and in ourselves it is hardly more than a resistance to any pretension to absoluteness on the part of any social system or any individual person.

II.

In art, as in life generally, the dynamic component thrashes about seeking and then rejecting form. Emotion and desire lunge blindly and futilely at the world until they find appropriate form for expression; but no form is a permanent solution; and thus, inevitably, passion recoils against form, and enters upon a destructive phase.

The problem, then, is finding the right form. By definition the right form is that which grants maximum fullness of expression to the dynamic principle (passion). Indeed, the passion seeking expression does not really "know" itself until it is united with an appropiate form. Form is the object of its desire, and not merely (or perhaps not at all) a passport to "freedom," an escape-hatch into the upper air.

Resistance to form, under the romantic aegis of freedom, is of course still visible in our culture. "Life for life's sake" is one of the banner clichés of the romantic resistance. It is a stirring slogan for adolescence; it is simply silly as a policy for maturity. But our culture (American) is not wholly beyond adolescence, or, at any rate, it is not beyond the tug of adolescent ideals and aims. Thus a tension persists in the "heart" of our culture.

In this connection let us consider two novels treating the childhood and adolescence of the artist, James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel.*

Young Stephen Dedalus of *Portrait* has a vision of the perfect joy and untrammeled freedom of the creative life. He is quite prepared to leave home, fatherland, and the comforts of religion, if necessary, to fulfill the vision. Now the vision of the life of aesthetic creativity is most clearly and intimately bound up with *form.* In the matchless account of the vision of beauty and the summons to a creative life, we are led to believe that what Dedalus sees is a girl "touched with the wonder of mortal beauty," a creature richly sensuous and wholly desirable, yet *beautiful,* a perfection of form, not merely an arousing presence:

> Her image had passed into his soul for ever and no word had broken the holy silence of his ecstasy. Her eyes had called him and his soul had leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the fair courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!

The life to which the poet a-borning is called is still largely indeterminate. The incredible joy and freedom are determinate, to be sure; but what he will do and be is out there somewhere. Nevertheless, the splendor of the vision is intimately involved with the perception of an "incarnate ideal"; and Dedalus-Joyce will became a great craftsman, an artificer of form to be named with the immortals. Beauty and the love of beauty create a vast, world-changing turbulence, but turbulence is not king.

For Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward,*

Angel life is mostly turbulence. The elemental vitalities of humankind roar mightily and rush in all directions; and the conventionalities are left to shift for themselves upon the surging tide. What does young Gant seek? Life and more life —life beyond the mountains of home, new continents of life. He would be a poet to sing the inexhaustible bountifulness of life. He would express absolutely his unslakable thirst for life. Life he takes in great gulps. But if he is to be a poet he must do more than this. Passion must be given voice, and voice must have a word, and the word is mere sound signifying nothing unless it bespeaks envisagement of good and evil, tragedy and fulfilment, sojourn and arrival, suffering and joy; formed somehow, articulated, joined together, not as rivers of feeling flow together to make a sea—or a swamp—but as images, each a whole, united to form an intelligible world fit to be loved and despised for being just what it is and for not being what it is not.

The articulations of the images—ah, there's the problem—and I believe Wolfe fails as an artist to solve it. Words he has, by the millions, and a gorgeous cascade of images filling the world clear out to the horizons; but the master-image, the mastering form he failed to find though mightily he tried.

Portrait is a novel of great beauty and perfection of form, itself. Perhaps for this very reason (or perhaps for its irony) it seems not to speak either to or for the contemporary adolescent mentality. Gant, not Dedalus, is the contemporary hero, because of his turbulence, his inchoate hunger for life, his having no home anywhere.

As a novelist Wolfe is something of a hero, a grand exemplar and pioneer. After him come the many who want also to get it all in somehow, every aspect, every quality, every item of experience, every moment of every day. Inclusiveness is the key, not discrimination, as though existence were the sum total of trivialities, of the odds and ends, of experience.

An astonishing effect is thereby produced: the "plausibilities" of the world are thrown down, in order to gain access to the trivialities of consciousness; and for this purpose the more ordinary the consciousness, the better. Certainly we protest that this is a fantastic distortion of actual existence. "Life" may be little heaps of inconsequentialities, colors, tastes, sounds, etc., etc., but the imaginative reconstruction of mere life can serve no more meaty or elegant purpose than to remind whoever may need it that people have multitudinous petty encounters, as well as those which make or break the living soul. Truly, souls can be buried beneath a mass of trivia; and we mark the grave with platitudes; but have we come so far down the road to pure inanity as to deny even the possibility of great encounters?

Neither novels (except trivial ones) nor empires are wrought by people who cannot judge between large affairs and trivial ones.

The achievement of freedom requires the ordering of vitality, the articulating of passion into significant images. Where, then, are the images to be found? Several answers to this question can be found in contemporary fiction.

History, and first of all the history of the nation, is a perennially attractive seedbed of images. The national epic and legend are rich with images, that is, representations of greatness, nobility, dedication, and representations of the polar qualities as well, that is, meanness, treachery, etc. Here are concrete images: representations imbedded in sentiments. The life of the image is in the sentiments; so much so that the sentiments are the real subjects of the historical novel. I mean simply that the historical novel based on the American epic is aimed quite as much at invoking the essential

"spirit" of our culture as it is at evoking the "style" and temper of bygone years. It could hardly be otherwise. A simple, naively realistic return to the past has very little to offer to real creativity. "Memory is already an artist" reminds us that memory selects its "subjects," its images, out of the dense thicket of the past. (This selection is a function of the present self, though of that self called "subconscious"; that is, one does not *will* to remember what is in fact remembered; the mind has a larger life than is exhibited in its reflective and deliberative activities.) *A fortiori* artistic expression is an activity in which arbitrary selectivity and accent are much more highly developed than in ordinary memory. Hence relative to the past the artist does not give it meaning but he brings its meaning up into a light and a form not otherwise forthcoming: a light and a form derived from the present in which he has his own being. In such imaginative reconstructions of life on the frontier as A. B. Guthrie's *Big Sky* and *The Way West,* and Milton Lott's *The Last Hunt,* the temporal perspective from which we look back into moving events and heroic courage, is unmistakably our own present; it is this era, not that. The same must be said of the value-perspective, the conditions for assessing greatness of vision and the quality of courage and compassion.

We are observing that the historical novel, when it is at all successful as a work of art, provides form for the ordering of present existence. Its forms are images of real persons and of real events, and are thus history in the sense of real time, real movement, flux, novelty, and contingency. Continuities and identities appear in the narrative, and they are historical rather than mythological. The business of the novelist struggling with the form of history is not with ideal types and symbolic actions, but, rather, with the brute contingencies of actuality.

History in another mode is another source of images with which to bring passion up into freedom. This is the "history of eternity," the career in time of symbolic forms essentially immune to the accidents of passage and the "brute contingencies of actuality." Here the ideal type emerges in full strength and glory; and the symbolic action assigns all other action to a background or foreground status.

William Faulkner's *Fable* is a recent illustration of this kind of history. Across the battlefields of Europe in the throes of World War I stalk (or float?) the mighty eternal avatars of good and evil, Christ and Satan, in temporal guise, appropriate to the occasion, Christ as a lowly corporal, Satan as field-marshal of all the Allied armies. No concatenation of historic fortuities can resolve the conflict between the ideal types. Over and over again, in ways appropriate to changing circumstance, Christ is tempted, withstands, is crucified, and yet prevails against the kingdoms of this earth. Prevails, but does not extinguish—for how could we conceive the extinction of an ideal type at the hands of another ideal type?

Light in August, to which we have already referred, contains a much more vivid and compelling evocation of a symbolic form. The death and immolation of Joe Christmas assume a timeless quality, as though they formed a reality presiding surely and effortlessly over the lives of all the persons in any way connected with his life and death, over their lives and over the lives of their children's children. This eternity is purchased from the fortuitous course of real time, rather than let down from timeless ideality. Over real time, to be sure, the Fates preside, in all Faulkner's great novels; but the Fates do not manipulate the course of events in order to cast up ideal forms.

I think it pertains to Faulkner's greatness as a novelist that he neither promises a final

resolution of the tension between form and vitality, nor tries to escape the tension. In the rich novels of the 1930's he created a great host of characters who were chained to the images of past glories and who could have found no meaning in life without those images. For such persons freedom is unreal. The earth and its fullness belong either to the scavengers who have no past (the Snopeses) or to the invincible fecundity of the Lenas, to whom neither fate nor freedom greatly matter. Beyond both are those in whose instinctual grasp of good and evil freedom is rooted.

Another source of the mastering image leads us at once into the very nature of the novel and points us toward Christian history. In many ways the mastering-image of the novel, and thus its inner nature, is the passage from "dreaming innocence" into self-consciousness as a moral identity. The moral form of the novel is, accordingly, a special appropriation of the Christian symbol of the Fall. (I am not suggesting that this form is evident in all the important novels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—the picaresque novel is an obvious and important exception.) Only through moral vicissitude—temptation, seduction, guilt—is self-consciousness achieved. The freedom of wisdom and of creativity is one with this self-consciousness; and therefore freedom is costly; it is a stubbornly-contested acquisition, not a birthright; and life itself may be lost in the effort.[2]

So understood the contemporary novel is a mere torso of a symbol. It is a shell, a fugitive abstraction. How so? Because in the Christian version of the Fall an overarching Providence guards and guides the pilgrimage from Eden's innocence through guilt out into hard-won wisdom and righteousness. Man's Fall is part of the history of redemption; and the history of redemption is part of the ground plan of God who orders all being to fulfilment, absolute and eternal.

Almost all of this wider life of which the Fall is but an element, is wanting in contemporary fiction. Wisdom, moral self-identity, and creativity are bought at an outrageously exorbitant price, and without any assurance at all of delivery, to say nothing of deliverance. Passion without the rigorous chastening and ordering of the "moral form," is a meaningless turbulence. But the abstraction of the "moral form" from Providence (to say nothing of the substitution both of cosmic absurdity and of malevolence for Providence) issues either upon the slough of despond, or upon doubt converted into an absolute virtue.

We have come finally to a theme rather more clearly derived from classical tragedy than from the Christian epic: the contention with Fate. Under the weight and power of this theme passion drives to a predestined end, no matter how violent its writhings, or pretensions. The end is laid down in the beginning; and even were a different beginning possible, it would contain an end no less condign, no less final, and no less disastrous.

Fate, it could be said with a show of justice, is simply a witless providence. I am far from being sure that this makes more tolerable the appalling determinations of Fate, as these unfold in the novels of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Camus. The contention with Fate produces no nobility in suffering, it uncovers no well-springs of compassion in a dry and thirsty land, it effects no expansion of the envisagement of good and evil. From their encounters with Fate men learn only that life is short, love is deceitful, and joy ephemeral. Is it possible to expand these discoveries into wisdom and the higher righteousness; and to make the encounters from which these sorry truths

[2] As in William Humphrey's novel, *Home From the Hill.*

are garnered, into soul-stirring epics? Only by rhetorical tricks, only with mirrors.

III.

It is time we took note of the metaphysical trivialization of existence, of which the cultural process of the same name is only the outer aspect. So far as we are given to seeing existence as the accident of mindless evolution, or as the surface-symptom of unconscious forces, or as a by-product, a gaudy effluvium, carried along on the cosmic tides of energy, we can hardly take our own creations with ultimate seriousness, not even our own sciences and philosophies, in which images and premonitions of our unimportance, our cosmic triviality, are forged.

In such a condition we cannot look to art for the grace of hope and love and merriment. Art cannot show us a human condition informed with so great a wisdom that all our passions conspire for the perfection of freedom, if we have lost the love of such wisdom, and think to create by animal cunning a little clearing in a howling wilderness. Art can indeed make very clear to us what we have to work with, i.e., what images and symbols speak to our condition; but it cannot tell us what world beyond, above, and beneath this world speaks therein.

Therefore the people of the church might well scrutinize what they are proclaiming as the Gospel. For the trivializations effected by the conventional flourishes of piety are no match for the unremitting drain-off of dignity and freedom engineered by the current naturalisms and secularisms. The form, the image of Man steadily recedes into insignificance; we are fading out to where even the calculus of infinitesimals cannot track us.

We profess that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is alone the saving word. Very well, let it be heard again. Let again that supernaturally bright vision of the divine-human community dawn in the hearts of the people of the Church. In other epochs that vision has inspired and warranted the mightiest achievements of beauty, as well as truth and love, the world has been graced with. And so it may, and will, again. So we hope. So we pray.

A NEW RESPONSE TO AN AGELESS COMMISSION

By Lloyd Pfautsch

Some thirty years ago, the famous hymnologist, Dr. Louis Benson, prefaced a series of lectures at Princeton Seminary with these words: "I begin with a simple expression of satisfaction; not so much that the reverend faculty have again recognized Hymnology as a subject worthy of a hearing, as that they have once more made a place for it in a lectureship confined by its founder to topics kindred to theological studies. They confirm its title to a place in the crowded ranks of theological disciplines that make for a preparation of the ministry of the gospel."

Almost seventy years ago, a famous critic in London, George Bernard Shaw by name, drafted a commentary on music in the Church. It was typically Shavian in content and critical appraisal. Here are two sentences extracted from the article: "I do not pretend that the Church could fill its pulpits if its ministry were to be made musical as well as spiritual. (Therefore) the artistic part of the service should be placed under the separate control of a capable artist just as the heating arrangements are placed in the hands of a capable plumber."

Many similar barbs have been directed at the Church and the training in its seminaries, and actually have increased in frequency and effectiveness especially during recent years. As a graduate student, I wrote a master's thesis which involved an historical study of the musical leadership provided both by and for the Church. For centuries, the Church, as the center of musical art, not only had contributed creative leadership but also had valued musical disciplines for the clergy as a requisite and not merely an adjunct part of their training. The Roman and Episcopal Churches perpetuate this tradition, while many Protestant Churches have followed a steady trend toward secular professionalism, relying all too frequently on extra-ecclesiastical assistance and leadership which is often inept and indolent as well as uninitiated with regard to liturgical traditions.

The tremendous impetus provided by the Reformation movement involved the leadership of a musically sensitive and musically oriented clergy. Even though the organists and choir directors of that day were not ordained clergy, many were devoted servants of the Church who enjoyed the advantages of congregational concern and of congregational appreciation for the contemporary musical offerings. Lest one conclude that this period was utopian, I hasten to confess that the Church, the Church music, and the Church musicians had many faults and faced many problems. Yet, I do suggest that our day, in contrast, represents a less favorable musical climate for trained musical leadership and contemporary musical offerings of comparable quality. As I did then, I still feel somewhat quixotic when I contemplate what needs to be done in order to restore music to its proper place in the Church today. While we often jokingly refer to music in our Churches as the "war

department," it is only in recent years that any significant attempts have been made to divert the energy spent in conflict into channels of cooperative, constructive, and creative endeavor.

Here at Southern Methodist University, after a number of years of dreaming, of patient preparation, and of courageous commitment to an ideal, the Perkins School of Theology and the School of Music have joined forces. And in this climactic year, as President Tate told me last spring, I had the dubious honor of being a catalyst, although I hope that, unlike in the chemical process, I will become a part of the final product, a new degree program leading to the Master of Sacred Music degree. Then too, while I have often sung the "Refiner's Fire" aria in performances of Handel's *Messiah*, I have found that there is a great difference between singing about a "refining fire" and helping to fan one. While I know that there were many on the faculties of each School who could have served on our planning committee, the personnel selected proved to be a right combination of experience, talents, temperament and concern. The two deans, Dr. Merrimon Cuninggim and Dr. Orville Borchers, were ex officio members. Dr. Fred Gealy and Dr. Herndon Wagers represented the Perkins faculty with Dr. Eugene Ellsworth and Professor Farrold Stephens representing the School of Music faculty. The way that this committee worked together was a sharp contrast to the plodding, contentious procedure we often associate with such committee work.

Foremost in our thinking was the end result of a Master of Sacred Music degree program, for we wished to be of additional service to the Church through the training of ministers of music. We began with an examination of existing programs, and while we knew that there were but a few to consider, we discovered that we were not the trailblazers we thought we might be since some six to eight other institutions were planning similar programs. But this did not have a deterring effect on us; in fact, we rejoiced over this activity and were spurred on in our work. We believe that we have some distinctive advantages here at SMU, for we can offer such a degree program within the framework of two strong schools already exisiting in the University, which is not possible in all situations. We enjoy the opportunities of a large city and proximity to active ministry of music programs from which our students can profit both through observation and participation. And we would hope that our curriculum would present that right balance, providing for sound theological foundations as well as enlarged musical knowledge and proficiency.

At present, for example, we plan to offer a larger percentage of work in theology than any other school, there being some schools requiring no theological study in their curricula. The tentative curriculum has met with favorable reaction from both faculties and from a Committee on Consultation made up of clergy, ministers of music, academic educators, and interested laymen. The counsel we received from the two faculties, the Committee on Consultation, and others interested in our program enabled us to arrive at a most exciting beginning curriculum.

Unfortunately, church music is often the least respected area in the art or profession of music. For too many years, it has been endured as a purchased art or endured as the best that one could expect from congregational volunteers. As result, this has led to certain traditions, routines, prejudices, indifferences, and incompetence; but fortunately, it has also led to impatience on the part of many people. This impatience goaded many into action, action which challenged this fast expanding university. SMU not only met the challenge but also countered with action of its own which

gathered amazing momentum as it joined forces at work in this area.

The training our program plans to offer will enable a student to refine his performing abilities and techniques, whether he or she be an organist, singer, or conductor. Graduate work in music literature, history, theory, conducting, and composition will be available. Practical experience in repertoire, graded choirs, and field work is included. Work in theology has been mentioned above, but of special importance will be an emphasis on integrating the ministry of music with the total program of the Church, coordinating rather than isolating the diverse educational and worship experiences of the Church. We have worked with the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians and feel that our program will be closely related to theirs in a common desire to serve national Methodism. We expect that our graduates will be able to qualify for NAFOMM certification, that they will be able to serve the ministry of music on any Church staff, and that in so doing they will not only match the ordained clergy in quality of training but also in sincerity of dedication. This should answer George Bernard Shaw's criticism to which I referred earlier.

When I was a student at Union Theological Seminary, I heard President Henry Sloan Coffin speak at the installation of Dr. Hugh Porter as the new head of their School of Sacred Music. He said that in all his long years of association with Union, the most significant event had been the addition of the Master of Sacred Music program. He added that he was not just thinking of the contribution the Sacred Music graduates had made to the Church but rather that he was thinking of the contribution the School of Sacred Music had made to the theologs. And he said: "Remind your associates that a knowledge of sacred music is as indispensable a part in the preparation of well-trained ministers as are all the other disciplines listed in the catalog." And so, we too are thinking of the contribution this new program can make to Perkins students.

The rash of specialization in education, to the neglect of breadth, has permeated seminary curricula. Unique endowment or propensity will always justify exploitation and refinement, but it is dangerous to generalize and fail to equip a man to serve the Church as a minister with a working knowledge in all areas involving his responsible leadership. For too many years, too many seminaries have failed to provide their students with an understanding of and an appreciation for music in worship that would approximate the thoroughness of preparation in other fields of study, e.g., Old and New Testament, Church History, Systematic Theology, etc. Work in Church music is often dismissed as unnecessary, occasionally given peripheral status, and rarely required as essential course work. Here at SMU, the prospect of a new graduate program in Sacred Music has engendered hope in all whose concern for a musically illiterate clergy reaches to the cloistered centers of training. This new program has already reminded the School of Theology that, as quoted above from Dr. Coffin, "a knowledge of sacred music is as indispensable a part in the preparation of well-trained ministers as are all the other disciplines." In the curriculum planned for our program at SMU, these graduate students in theology and in sacred music will be *studying together* in preparation for *service together*. They will have a better understanding of each other's background, training, and thinking, and I hope also of their respective (yet corporate) responsibilities in the total ministry of the Church. This should answer Dr. Benson's criticism to which I referred earlier.

We tend to speak of this as a new and

distinctive venture when actually it is merely a return to the academic disciplines employed by the Church from the time of its early development down to the Post-Reformation period, during which time training in the music of the Church was a basic discipline. We realize that the task is gigantic, but in response to our commission we have discovered that not only did our planning committee have the requisite balance and singleness of purpose but that support came to us from all of our colleagues far in excess of our highest expectations, that the administration reaffirmed its support in helping this dream become a reality, and that an ever-increasing number of inquiries are being received each day to remind us of interest beyond our campus. But we do not pretend to be self-sufficient for we realize that we will be dependent on many ministers and congregations in this jurisdiction and throughout the country who can help us share our program with young people interested in the ministry of music and who can also encourage more Churches capable of enlarging their ministry to include the ministry of music. We feel that the future places great demands on us in this generation and especially in this area of education, but the future is equally exciting! We hope that there will be many who will not only share in this excitement but who will also help us strive to meet these demands.

BOOK REVIEWS

FRED D. GEALY, *Editor*

THE LARGER PARISH AND GROUP MINISTRY

By Marvin T. Judy. New York: Abingdon Press, 1959. 175 pp. $3.00.

Such a volume as this work has been needed for a considerable time. Not since 1925 has a book been written about the larger parish. Yet during the past generation the term "larger parish" has been used extensively by the town and country department of each of the major Protestant denominations.

Professor Judy of the Perkins faculty is well qualified to write concerning the larger parish and the group ministry. He has served as director of a larger parish, and as director of town and country work for an episcopal area, has directed research for many rural areas, and has taught rural sociology. Therefore, he writes with practical, down-to-earth insight into the problems of rural life and the rural church.

An excellent summary of the problems facing rural society is presented. Charts and maps assist the text in outlining the predicament facing today's rural church. This is one book that has no panacea for the farm family, although solutions for rural churches are advanced.

A short history of the larger parish and group-ministry approach to the rural church sketches in all the details desired by the average reader. From these several approaches to the rural ministry, several guiding principles for the group parish are derived.

The latter half of the book deals with the mechanics of establishing and administering larger parishes and group ministries. This portion of the book could well serve as a handbook or ready reference for any rural minister, district superintendent, bishop, or denominational official. Illustrations are presented, point by point, indicating that each detail has pertinence and validity.

The appendices and the bibliography round out an excellent coverage of the subject of the larger parish. Included in the appendices are a constitution for a larger parish and a study guide for a rural community. The bibliography is annotated and thorough.

As an urban sociologist it appears to me that rural life is viewed in a romantic framework. It seems that the failure of the larger parish to become more widely accepted indicates that more radical remedies are necessary. Certainly there is a substantial need for larger parishes and group ministries until the state of future rural life is more clearly defined. This book is a must for anyone connected with the administration of a larger parish or who is involved in a group ministry.

Douglas Jackson

THE BROKEN WALL

By Markus Barth. The Judson Press. 1959. 272 pp. $3.50.

This book was written at the request of the American Baptist Convention as a study book for evangelism. It is a needed and designed corrective to the prostituted evangelism of our time whose main emphasis is on numerical results and efficient methods. There is general recognition both by the inviting communion and the author of this book "that the crucial questions in evange-

lism are theological and demand theological answers." Hence this approach from the standpoint of Biblical theology.

Dr. Barth is himself both a Biblical scholar and an evangelist—a happy combination! The present study disclaims any attempt to be exhaustive; its intention is to give "guidance in understanding some of the main themes of the Epistle to the Ephesians." As the title suggests the author is concerned with the various sorts of walls which divide the human family. These walls were of course all broken down by Christ as he went to the cross; yet men in their selfishness and pride are continually rebuilding them. It is the task of the Church to keep them leveled.

Ephesians has to do with the creation, nature, and mission of the Church. This study of the epistle reflects and carries on the best scholarly study, and is in line with the finest ecumenical thinking. But Dr. Barth is also an independent and original scholar. By way of dissent he believes that the current mystical concept of the Church has little support in Ephesians. That the Church "is the mystical body or the extension of Christ . . . or a quasi second Christ" is to him "sacreligious nonsense." By way of supplement he sees and deals with an important point which most commentators overlook. That the Church lives from Christ and exists for every man is held and proclaimed by every one who shares her life. But what about the Church's relation to Israel? This is a matter of fundamental concern. The workmanship of God was the creation of "one new man" out of the two, Jew and Gentile. There was a people of God prior to this new creation of which Ephesians speaks. Everything the readers of this epistle have, they have together with Israel. It is the readers who have been admitted into the house or the commonwealth of God; it is Israel who reminds them of the miracle of their acceptance. "Only 'in Christ' do we discover that our solidarity with the Jew is proof of any serious concept of brotherhood . . . If there is discrimination against Jews in any way we are failing to live as members of one body, the church." Unfortunately little attention is paid to this aspect of our problem today; and it leads to saddening results.

The author's main interest is in evangelism, and the entire study is pointed in that direction. He does not allow the validity of such expressions as "The Theology of Evangelism," or "The Evangelistic Task of the Church," for the former suggests a special form of theology or apologetic for preaching and prayer, and the latter hints that evangelism is but one of perhaps several tasks that belong to the Church. But evangelism is not *one* of her tasks; evangelism "is of her very nature, it *is* her nature, if she is the one church created by God." While this evangelistic emphasis runs throughout the book, it comes to focus in Part 4. In his exegetical remarks the author sets forth in five theses (see p. 171) together with their practical implications, the distinctive message of Ephesians on evangelism. Here also are found trenchant criticisms of the Church's failure to perform her fundamental task. The chief cause of this failure is a basic dualism between clergy and laity, between insiders and outsiders, between receiving and giving, between worship and mission—a dualism which denies the Church's fundamental solidarity, and renders her witness ineffective. The author speaks with fine sarcasm (or is it inspiration?) of "wall-worshipping churches," of "a schizophrenic sort of Protestantism," of a debased liturgy. "True liturgy is not what it has become behind smokescreens and thick walls, where saintly egoists seem intent upon nourishing their own souls. Instead it is the public service of those who are commissioned to serve their Master before and among those who do not yet know how good is his will and how mighty is his love."

Dr. Barth assumes the Pauline authorship of Ephesians, and that it was addressed to the church at Ephesus. Both points could of course be challenged, though the opposite view would also be an assumption. Fortunately the excellence of a study such as this is not affected by lack of certainty concerning background questions. For this is an

excellent study, and adequately meets the needs for which it was designed. Jacket-judgments may usually be discounted, but the last statement found on the flap is not far from the truth: "Seldom (if ever) has profound biblical scholarship been so happily and helpfully brought to bear upon the practical problems of Christian work."

Wesley C. Davis

THE JOURNAL AND THE LETTERS OF FRANCIS ASBURY

Edited by Elmer T. Clark, J. Manning Potts, and Jacob S. Payton. In Three Volumes. xxiv+778 *pp.*, 871 *pp.*, xv+603 *pp. New York: Abingdon Press,* 1958. $21.00.

The National Historical Publications Committee of the United States Government, in 1951, included Francis Asbury among the sixty-six "great Americans" whose "literary remains" were recommended for editing and publication. This recommendation was reiterated by both Houses of Congress and by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower. The International Methodist Historical Society endorsed the preparation of *A Standard Annotated Edition of the Journal and Letters of Francis Asbury.* The present work is the result of the labors of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies in the United States.

The present publication, while fulfilling the need of the general reader, has become an occasion of despair for archivists, librarians, and graduate students. Regrettably the editorial policy was not informed by the professionally established canons of research. The discovery of errors respecting dates, places, and even the wording of sentences, increases constantly and is now numbered in the hundreds. Accordingly for purposes of research, the student will need to go back to the "sources" from which this edition of the *Journal* and *Letters* is taken. Fortunately most of these are available on micro-film, the Fortney edition of which is catalogued in Bridwell Library. Why the editors did *not* use the micro-film of holograph and other sources now commonly procurable is, indeed, a mystery.

The *Journal* and *Letters* of Francis Asbury, however, bear their own inspiration in spite of mutilation. In this magnificent representation of the printer's artistry Abingdon Press brings to the reader an intimate disclosure of the dynamics of personality resident in this man of God called to be the founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They merit reading and the widest possible disseminaton. Asbury reveals meaningful insights respecting these early "people called Methodists." These volumes take us into their homes, give us glances of the trails through wildernesses, permit us to hear the gasps of human fear as life meets death—or the promise of death—in the terrors of nature's attack on man. One may not read these volumes without some modicum of rededication and some hope of reconsecration to the purposes God designs for the Methodists.

David C. Shipley

MELANCHTHON, THE QUIET REFORMER

By Clyde Manschreck. New York: Abingdon Press, 1958. 350 *pp.* $6.00.

Professor Manschreck of Duke University provides a moving interpretation of the great "Praeceptor" of Protestantism. This is the first biography of Melanchthon published in English in over fifty years. It will surely remain an authoritative source for the years ahead.

This study is significant in that two historical movements are discerned in the dimension of tension which alone explicates the centrality of the "school" to the Protestant understanding of Christianity, *viz.*, the Renaissance and Augustinian evangelicalism. Of course, each of these terms merits definition but the genius of Manschreck's study is that he clearly delineates these dynamic ingredients of Reformation history so that the nexus of Protestant thought and life involves the School as well as the Church. In this context Melanchthon achieves the stature recognized in the six-

teenth century but lost in ensuing eras. This volume will rehabilitate the memory of a great educator and Christian preacher who eschewed ordination in order to exemplify decisive facets in the vocation of the priesthood of all believers.

Recent and anticipated conversations between Roman Catholic scholars and those of the World Council of Churches will occasion new recognition and discovery of Melanchthon's most creative contributions to history especially those in the numerous colloquies between Roman Catholics and Protestants from 1529 to 1560. Through his constructive formulation of the Augsburg Confession all Protestantism is, in one way or another, his debtor. And the English speaking world is now the debtor of Professor Manschreck for this timely and faultlessly accurate portrayal of a man too easily and too long forgotten.

David C. Shipley

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY

By Ronald E. Osborn. New York: Harper and Bros., 1958. 241 *pp.* $3.75.

The author of this illuminating essay is the editor of *Encounter,* a quarterly journal of theology, and a professor in Butler University School of Religion, in Indianapolis.

The quest for the essential genius of Protestant Christianity in the United States is as fascinating as it is endless. The now classic statement of Professor Jackson Turner in his address read before the American Historical Association in 1893 entitled: "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," has been discarded for several decades as inadequate and false. But this judgment could not remain unchallenged. While Professor Osborn does not propose to defend or rehabilitate Turner's thesis, he produces new data and reinterprets familiar axioms so that a more meaningful evaluation of the Protestant past and present is attained.

The "Free Church" in the "Free State" expressing an evangelical faith within the context of "the American Spirit" are concepts (and chapter headings) that are not at all congruent with the over-simplified portrayal of the revival of religion in America. Dr. Osborn is incisively critical of most of these shallow illusions. His own study, however, discerns "three levels in the sea of faith" which nurtures America: the visible surface of storms and destructive tides hide the broad currents of thought and conviction below the surface, and in the quiet depths there is a common Christian faith.

The author is understandably criticised for a too optimistically broad definition of this common Christian faith. But he labors in the cause of Christian unity to which both his denomination (The Disciples of Christ) and the deepest springs of his own scholarship are dedicated. Yet a caveat must be raised. Is it possible to be predictive concerning Christian unity on the basis of phenomenological analysis alone? Does description always provide its own canons of interpretation? This reviewer still awaits some more credible understanding of the theology of history as the precursor of an authoritative history of theology and church in the United States.

David C. Shipley

REMBRANDT AND THE GOSPEL

By Willem A. Visser 't Hooft. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1957. 128 *pp.* + *xxxii of plates.* $4.50.

Rembrandt, the outlaw Protestant, the Christ-intoxicated painter who one day could sell a portrait for 3,000 guilder and the next day could hardly peddle one for three—this fabulously unsuccessful man whom many consider the greatest of all painters and certainly the most excellent of the Bible painters—has intrigued critics and biographers and moviemakers. Perhaps it was inevitable that a fellow countryman, the executive director of the World Council of Churches, W. A. Visser 't Hooft, should take his sabbatical year to write an interpretation of the Biblical work of Rembrandt.

Rembrandt has always fascinated the painters; he has too often been disregarded by the religionists. Perhaps not typical, but indicative, of the respect of the painters was a comment from a young "Christ painter" whom some of us consider to be the most powerful artist working with the Christ image today: "Rouault doesn't worry me any more; but Rembrandt, ah, Rembrandt, if I only possessed just a little of what he knew about painting!" Another time the same artist wrote to a friend: "I got up this morning and a terrible thing happened; Rembrandt pushed me off a cliff!"

Dr. Visser 't Hooft has emphasized a most significant aspect of the work of Rembrandt, the difference between his fabulously dramatic depictions of Bible stories done in his earlier years, and the intense but low-keyed paintings and graphics from his later and neglected years when he ceased painting the Bible stories and got into the task of painting the Bible itself. These are two entirely different perspectives, as 't Hooft provocatively demonstrates.

For instance, Rembrandt was intrigued by the Lazarus story: raised from the dead, rebirth, and so forth. He worked with the scene over and over agin. First he told the story with appropriate theatrical trappings such as colorful drapes, a dramatic handling of the amazed and chagrined onlookers who are astounded by the feat of magic which Jesus the wonder-worker had performed. Jesus stands as the great magician who by his power has accomplished the miracle. Later Rembrandt returned to the Lazarus incident, but with what a change in his interpretation. In the raising of Lazarus something momentous is happening, but no longer is Jesus the flamboyant wonder-worker. He is a plain person, not unlike the others gathered there. There are no longer any magnificent decorations to the picture. It is somberly plain and low keyed. Jesus is not the miracle worker; he is the one through whom God accomplishes his mighty acts. It would not be hard to believe that the plenipotent miracle worker, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of glory, is the Messiah. But this unaccomplished one, this plain man not much different in looks from any other man, that this shabby peasant is the Savior—to believe this requires a mighty act of faith. In such a gesture, however, Rembrandt painted the Bible.

Rembrandt and the Gospel is far more than a useful book; it is a significant one. He gives some clues as to what is meant by a "religious style" in art. And it is disquieting also. How shabby is the fatuous "religious" art we find in our churches when compared to the work of Rembrandt. We have a long way to go to make the discovery of Rembrandt: there is a universe of difference between painting the Bible stories and painting the Bible.

Roger Ortmayer

STEPS TO CHRISTIAN UNDERSTANDING

Edited by R. J. W. Bevan. New York: Oxford University Press, 1958. 212 *pp.* $3.50.

One might well suggest that a more descriptive title for this book would be *Steps to Understanding Christian Doctrines, Written Especially for Thoughtful Non-Christians.* For, in the first place, the book has a characteristically apologetic bearing; and, in the second place, it represents the kind of "Christian understanding," so typical of English churchmen, which always strikes one as having more of an eye for the plurality of "Christian doctrines" than for the singularity of "Christian faith." But, be this as it may, the book is a somewhat loose collection of a dozen essays by as many English theologians (including, among others, W. R. Matthews, Norman Snaith, David Cairns, Herbert Butterfield, F. W. Dillistone, and Nathaniel Micklem) on the general themes of "God and the World," "God and Man," and "Doctrines of the Christian Faith."

On the whole, it would seem that the most important thing to say about the essays is that, although, from the standpoint

of their intended purpose, they are certainly not useless (and, in fact, in particular instances constitute succinct contributions to a more adequate understanding of the Christian faith), they nevertheless presuppose a kind of theological method which falls woefully short of the demands of the present situation. Indeed, it is difficult to read through them without feeling that one has suddenly been transported to a stage of the theological conversation which he had supposed we had long since gone beyond. Thus, in his discussion of "science and religion," for example, Canon Henry Balmforth argues the premise that "science today is a much more flexible, open-minded, and adaptable affair" in order finally to conclude to a negative answer to the question "whether miracles as such are to be ruled out as incompatible with any rational account of the nature of things." Now, not only does the premise of this argument represent an extremely dubious construction of more recent scientific developments, but the view which lies behind the argument, that faith has essentially to do with the "miraculous"—at least with certain "crucial" miracles—rests upon a misunderstanding of faith which has been decisively challenged by the most creative work in twentieth-century exegetical and systematic theology. (In all fairness, it should be pointed out that Balmforth's is not the only view on this question which is represented in the volume. Micklem suggests in his concluding essay that "the laws of nature are never broken" and that "we never understand fully any event till we see the hand of God in it.")

In a word, one senses in several of the essays in the volume the kind of approach to theology which supposes that the basic threat of the modern world-picture to traditional theological formulations can be met by a "picking and choosing" or merely "patchwork" procedure. Only now and then does one catch a glimpse of the notion that this supposition must be completely left behind before we can ever hope to realize the basic theological task of our time.

Schubert M. Ogden

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLOTINUS

By Émile Bréhier. Translated by Joseph Thomas. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1958. *vi* + 205 *pp.* $4.50.

After some thirty years, this classic monograph in the history of philosophy has at last been made available in an English translation. Suffice it to say here that, for all those who are seriously interested in the history either of ancient philosophy or of the Christian philosophy in which the former has continued to find expression, this book is an absolute "must." As an introduction to the thought of Plotinus and therefore also to the whole tradition of thought in which he is the pivotal thinker it is unquestionably without parallel. The translation (which, interestingly, is the work of a man who is currently associate minister of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, Illinois!) is uniformly excellent; and the English edition is further enhanced by an additional chapter on "The Sensible World and Matter" in which M. Bréhier has sought to develop his earlier argument even more completely.

Schubert M. Ogden

PASTORAL PRAYERS THROUGH THE YEARS

Edited by Robert L. Eddy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. 191 *pp.* $3.50.

The prayers in this anthology were chosen from Protestant leaders and teachers in America today. These eighty-four general or pastoral prayers are arranged for the church or Christian year and special occasions.

Because of the need of every worshiper for genuine openness to God through keenly alert and responsively sensitive communion through prayer, and because that need is often more consciously focused in the "house of prayer" as one bows with

others to pray, the "long" prayer of the pastor must carry every worshipper into God's living presence with his own thanksgiving, confession, and petitions. The mood and content will vary with the season and the service, but devotion that roots in separate hearts springs into a powerful unity when the good minister has worked long and well upon both the content and the form of this brief but central part of the service.

The choice of writers themselves as well as the prayers is a most excellent one. These prayers should be read, assimilated, studied, and prayed in private, in order that the one who will lead in next Sunday's pastoral prayer may better lead all the worshipers, starting with himself, into God's presence for grace, mercy, and peace through his own, freshly stimulated mood and properly prepared word. Let us pray—better prayers.

George C. Baker, Jr.

LUTHER'S WORKS

Vol. 32: Career of the Reformer II
Edited by George W. Forell and Helmut T. Lehmann. Philadelphia: Muhlenberg Press, 1958. $5.00.

By 1521 it was clear that Luther's affair was more than a passing episode, and serious attacks began to be launched from various quarters. This volume of the *Works* aims to show how Luther defended the Reformation against four of these attocks.

First, we have his "Defense and Explanation" of all the Articles, which contains his reply to the papal bull of excommunication. Next there is the record of the proceedings at the Diet of Worms, where Luther was confronted not by papal but by imperial authority. Thirdly, there is Luther's reply to Latomus, a hostile Roman Catholic theologian from Louvain. Finally, and most moving of all, there is Luther's little book on "The Burning of Brother Henry," where he tries to console a congregation in Bremen whose pastor was one of the early martyrs of the Reformation.

Choose one of these Luther volumes and get to know the mind and heart of the great reformer.

John Deschner

THEOLOGY BETWEEN YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

By Joseph L. Hromadka. Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1957. $2.75.

These lectures remind us that a good many of the contemporary men to whom the contemporary Church must speak are Marxists or those who have been stimulated by Marxism. Prof. Hromadka, in the Laidlaw Lectures of 1956, challenges theology to face the problems which the Marxist is talking about, and to give an account of the Christian faith to this partner also.

Hromadka was trained in the dialectical theology of the twenties and thirties. He begins and ends with a theology of the Word of God. On this basis he demands a missionary Church, alive to the meaning of the era in which it lives. That era has included the communist revolution, an event which has "deeply transformed the very structure of European society." The heart of the book is the fourth chapter, "Beyond Ideologies," where he confesses that there is no way back, and outlines the points where communism confronts Christianity, and where the Christian must challenge the communist.

It is fatally easy to challenge Hromadka. He can be responsibly challenged only by one who has an alternative Christian word to say to men whose burning question is not the meaning of existence, but bread and dignity.

John Deschner

THE WORLD'S LIVING RELIGIONS

By Robert Ernest Hume. Revised edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1959. *xii* + 335 *pp.* $3.50.

In attempting to evaluate succinctly this new, slightly-revised edition of an old, much-used handbook, one wishes that he might refer his readers first of all to the reviser's preface for a statement of the ra-

tionale underlying the decision to reissue this book.

The revisor, though he has withheld his name from the title page, is Dr. Charles S. Braden, an eminent figure in the field of the History of Religions and now a resident of Dallas. Dr. Braden agreed to undertake this task, not because he subscribes to the viewpoint of the original author, but because he feels that the work of so distinctive and distinguished a scholar as Dr. Hume ought to be preserved.

In the opinion of the present reviewer, this is the only real justification for this new edition. While, admittedly, the book contains a wealth of useful and accurate data, this is essentially the same material which is to be found in most current textbooks on the subject. At the same time, most contemporary historians of religions have more than a few misgivings concerning Dr. Hume's effort to evaluate the eleven major religions by listing for each its "elements of strength" and "elements of weakness." These may be usefully provocative of discussion, but they are often contrived and are not really the legitimate, trustworthy fruit of Dr. Hume's remarkable scholarship—that scholarship, for example, which enabled him to translate from the Sanskrit *The Thirteen Principle Upanishads*.

Nevertheless, one cannot really be sorry that this book is "out" again. Dr. Braden has "touched it up" quite helpfully by bringing certain sections up to date and by expanding the bibliography. Wisely he has not attempted drastic revisions. As he says: "This revision extends the life of the book, and Dr. Hume continues to make his contribution to the understanding of the religions of the world as he knew them." After all, one does not have to agree with his predecessors in order to be profited by them. Perhaps, even, this is one of the fallacies of our time, that the modernity of each new decade seems to us to be so definitive that we can afford to dismiss as outmoded and irrelevant the labors of our immediate forerunners. Read this book, and as you do, bear in mind that the author was a man who said casually of himself that he had "found very rewarding the results of learning to handle in their original languages the sacred texts of most of the religions of the Near East, the Middle East and the Far East." Is there anybody around like this today?

H. Neill McFarland

CLERGYMEN IN RURAL MISSOURI

By Lawrence M. Hepple. Research Bulletin 633C. Columbia, Missouri: College of Agriculture, University of Missouri, Agricultural Experiment Station. December, 1958. Free of charge.

Under the careful guidance of Dr. Lawrence M. Hepple, Professor of Sociology at the University of Missouri, a detailed study of the church in rural Missouri has been made. Four years were needed to gather the data for the study using skilled and well-trained interviewers. An expenditure of $60,000 went into the study.

The entire study will be reported in seven research bulletins, the first three of which have been released. *Clergymen in Rural Missouri* is an analysis of schooling, family background, part-time and full-time church employment, number of churches per clergyman, economic status, income from church and other sources, division of labor within religious groups, time analysis of various responsibilities, and leadership roles. As in the first bulletins the analysis is made on "church type" and "sect type" churches and ministers. A denominational analysis is made in most cases.

Dr. Hepple, a clergyman himself and member of the Missouri Conference of The Methodist Church, has made a great contribution to the field of church analysis. Never has there been as comprehensive and far-reaching a study made in the field of the rural Church.

Clergymen of all denominations will profit by studying these reports. They can be secured free of charge by writing to: College of Agriculture, University of Missouri, Agricultural Experiment Station,

Columbia, Missouri. Ask for Research Bulletins 633 A through G.

Marvin T. Judy

THE ILLUMINATED BOOK: ITS HISTORY AND PRODUCTION

By David Diringer. New York: Philosophical Library, 1958. 524 *pp.* $25.00.

The wonderful world of books will never cease to fascinate the curious man. What is their story? How did we get them? Why should some be considered "works of art," not alone a utilitarian means of transmitting ideas or information?

In the history of book making, one of the most exciting chapters deals with book-illumination. Book painting "is the art of embellishing vellum-manuscript books by painted pictures and/or ornamented letters and geometric designs, in gold and colours, particularly in the borders of the pages. It is a medieval art *par excellence*. . . ."

The desire to make books attractive is of great antiquity; in the twentieth century B.C. the Egyptians decorated their funeral rolls with gorgeous colors. Book illumination (a much wider field than illustration, for often the illuminated pages have nothing at all to do with the text, they exist for aesthetic reasons) is also one of the most conservative of the arts. In the hands of the medieval copyists, however, it was to assume dimensions of amazing poetic imagination and stands as one of the monuments in the artistic achievements of man.

The Illuminated Book is not a scholar's reference work. It is intended for the general reader. It covers, both in text and illustration, ancient book illustration, early Christian, Islamic, Hebrew, and Ottoman, as well as the golden age of illumination in England, Italy, and France.

The illustrations, which are quite well integrated with the text, are for the most part in black and white, but there are enough of them in color to give some sense of the magnificence the originals possess.

Unfortunately, as is often the case with the better grade Philosophical Press output, the price is grossly inflated. It will soon be showing up in book bargain lists, however, and at fifteen dollars it will be an excellent purchase for all those who love the exciting company of books.

Roger Ortmayer

THE MUSIC OF CHRISTIAN HYMNODY

By Erik Routley. Naperville, Ill.: Alec R. Allenson, Inc., 1957. 308 *pp.* $6.50. *London: Independent Press,* 30/.

Erik Routley, of Mansfield College, Oxford, and one of the editors of *Congregational Praise,* 1951, is probably the most productive writer on hymns and hymn tunes in the English-speaking world today. The book under review had its origin in a thesis, representing about two-fifths of the total work. Because of the knowledge of hymn-tunes required of the reader and the necessity of constant reference to hymnals if the book is to be intelligently read, the essay can make exciting reading only for persons who take hymn-tunes seriously. However, so valuable is the material presented in the analysis of the tunes and styles, that it is a great pity that the remaining three-fifths of the manuscript could not have been made publicly available. Although we have any number of studies of hymn texts, extended studies of the history, character, and quality of hymn-tunes are few. This book is therefore of great importance. Certainly all church musicians should digest it. Likewise the minister who has any understanding at all of the rudiments of music, surely has some responsibility to his congregation to be informed about the music he has them sing. If he doesn't have competency in music, he should do like Luther and Calvin did, employ competent musicians, and trust them.

There are excellent chapters on the Lutheran chorale, its origins and history, and on the Psalm tunes, from the Genevan Psalters to the Evangelical Revival. Methodists will be fascinated by Routley's account of the influence, good and bad, of Handel on Methodist music, and of the early Wesleyan tune-books. The eighteenth and nineteenth

century hymnody in Germany is described as largely a story of decline. The nineteenth century in England saw the Oxford movement and hymnody, and the self-conscious "Victorian" composers. "The tension by the end of the century is not between the psalm-tune style and the Methodist style, but between those, of every denomination (but notably of the Anglican) who were content with the new Victorian idiom and those who reacted violently against it." If Dykes was a tragedy, Sullivan was a disaster: "It is necessary, though disagreeable, to record that Sullivan . . . wrote hardly a tune that is not virtually intolerable for modern singing . . . The outstanding vices of his tunes are two—either secular and vulgar rhythm . . . or . . . woefully defective melody . . . Can it be believed that this man, in another sphere the greatest master of melody that England produced in a hundred years, is to be chiefly criticised as incapable of writing a *tune*? But it is so . . . Yet, not only in his hymn tunes, but all the way through his volumes of church music from the first page to the last, Sullivan shows himself ponderous, inept, vacillating between appalling vulgarity and glum monotony. The clue, of course, is 'The Lost Chord.' . . . Here again, I see no explanation of a phenomenon which makes the tragedy of Dykes appear almost hilarious by comparison but this, but that the fundamental security and complacency of Victorian churchmanship, defensive against those disruptive social forces which it had not the wit or the courage to baptize, killed Sullivan, as a church musician, stone dead."

As for Barnby, he "could write a good Anglican chant, and a good drawing-room ballad."

Chapters 19 to 24 cover briefly the musical reawakening, 1890—, in England and Wales, with one chapter on Roman Catholic hymnody, and a brief one on American hymnody. The prospects are not at all depressing, providing that the church is able to hear the voice, "Awake, thou that sleepest, And arise from the dead."

At the back of the book are printed 208 tunes or parts of tunes on 112 pages, illustrating every type of tune analysed in the book. This is an unparalled collection of such musical items.

In view of the widespread interest which is being manifested in undertaking a revision of the Methodist Hymnal, Routley's book should be required reading for all persons who may become involved in the work of revision. There can be no doubt that a new hymnal is badly needed, but before it is done widespread preparation should be made, both theologically and musically, if not indeed in the study of the nature and meaning of poetry. Our ministers, musicians, and laymen should all be involved in this. Education for it should begin now.

Fred D. Gealy

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